

Our countrymen have sometimes been accused, by Europeans, of being a nation of boasters. And it must be confessed that Jonathan does occasionally indulge in self-glorification to a degree that may seem to foreigners rather extreme and persistent. But then Jonathan really has a good deal to boast about; and it is, after all, quite doubtful whether he does not sometimes under-estimate himself to his own harm and to the extent of downright injustice to his own merits.

For instance, we have become accustomed to accord to England the honorable distinction of being the pioneer in trans-oceanic steam-navigation. In 1838 the first British steamship, Great Western, steamed into New York harbor direct from Liverpool; and the people and the press of the city of New York went into ecstatic laudations of British genius and enterprise, which had subdued the ocean to the possibility of steam-navigation. And England accepted this obligation from Americans as her just dues in recognition of her pre-eminence as the pioneer of steam-navigation across the Atlantic ocean; and has ever since continued to assert herself as entitled to that distinction.

But the fact is undeniable, that of all nations who have crossed both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans by steamship navigation, America, and not England, was the first. The first steamship navigation across the Pacific is a matter of but recent date. On New Year's day, 1877, the American steamship Colorado, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line, left the port of San Francisco for China, by the way of Japan; and on the 31st day of January, 1877, she steamed into the harbor of Hong-Kong, under the starry banner of our country; and was there saluted as the pioneer steamship at that line, the first that had ever crossed the Pacific Ocean by steam. There she met the great steamship lines, both French and English from Europe; and then and thus it was that the globe was first girdled by steam. The American flag floated over the first steamship that ever crossed the Pacific Ocean. And that is something worth boasting about. Yet it is not improbable that, twenty years hence, England will claim that distinction to herself. It is a way she has.

The foundation of England's claim to the honor of being the first to cross the Atlantic by steam, is no more just than would be her assertion to such a claim as the first to cross the Pacific by steam. It was nineteen years after the first American steamship had crossed the Atlantic ocean, that the first British steamship, the Great Western, appeared at New York.

In 1838 there was built in New York a steamship, called the Savannah. She was launched on the 22d of August of that year. Having received her engines and equipment, in April, 1839, she sailed for Savannah, Ga., which port she reached in seven days by steam, against very boisterous weather. Remaining at that port for cargo and outfit for a month, she departed from Savannah on the 25th of May, 1839, bound for St. Petersburg, Russia, by the way of Liverpool. She was twice spoken by other vessels on her voyage; and on the 20th of June, being twenty-five days out, she steamed into the harbor of Liverpool, as the account says—"much to the astonishment of the people of that city." She was commanded by Capt. Moses Rogers. In her run across the Atlantic she worked her engines eighteen days out of the twenty-five; the rest of the time she went under canvas.

A story is told of a British revenue cutter, cruising off the coast, which sighted the Savannah as she was steaming in for Liverpool, and supposing it to be a ship on fire, gave chase with the humane intent of rescuing her people from a dreadful death; but the smoking ship was too fast for the cutter, and went on her way rejoicing and still smoking.

At Liverpool her presence excited uncommon interest; but the people and press of that city, instead of glorifying and huzzaking the American Capt. Rogers as the pioneer in ocean steam-navigation, only wondered, as they did at John Gilpin, "how he come, and why he came at all," and gave vent to the unbecoming insinuation that the enterprise was "in some way connected with the ambitious views of the United States."

From Liverpool Capt. Rogers proceeded with his smoking ship to St. Petersburg. He returned thence, and after a voyage of fifty days landed at Savannah, the port of departure, in December, 1839; having touched at Copenhagen and a port in Norway. And when she came to anchor in the harbor of Savannah Capt. Rogers reported her arrival, saying: "In all her round trip not a screw, bolt or rope-yarn had parted."

After a few days in her home port, the Savannah steamed up to the Navy-yard at Washington, and was there exhibited to members of Congress and other distinguished visitors as the pioneer of trans-oceanic steamship navigation.

But this enterprise, though full of honor, was without profit. It was in advance of the time, and it was compelled to succumb. In 1838, nineteen years later, the British steamed into New York, and the world echoed with applause. And yet it is true that America first taught the world how to cross both the great oceans of the globe by steam. Whatever of praise is due to any people for that, is due to Americans.

COUNTERFEITING EXTRAORDINARY.

A very important arrest of counterfeiters was made the other day in Illinois. They were the notorious Neils

Driggs and Ben Boyd, the most noted counterfeiters of the country, and whom the "Secret Service" at Washington had long been anxiously wanting. Now they have got them, sure.

Ben Boyd is the most finished engraver in the United States, and has long directed his skill in the art to counterfeiting bank plates. He was arrested while actually at work, and in his room were found plates yet unfinished, for \$20, and \$100, and \$1,000 notes.

At Centralia the officers captured a press and all accompanying material and outfit, with a large amount of bogus money just printed. Ben Boyd learned his trade of engraving in Cincinnati. And it has not contributed much to the moral repute of our city, he has certainly exhibited a degree of mechanical skill that, if honestly directed, would be creditable to any city of the world. It was he who engraved the plate of the counterfeit five on the Traders' Bank of Chicago, which for a long time passed current even among bankers without suspicion. The name on this plate has been changed recently to the Boston Bank, Canton Bank, and Aurora Bank, Ill., large numbers of notes from which are now in circulation.

In 1870 he engraved a \$50 Treasury note plate, and flooded Illinois and Missouri with its notes. The notable fifty-cent Lincoln vignette plate, which was so perfect as to give the Treasury Department an infinite deal of trouble, came from this Ben Boyd's hand. It seems that he learned his trade with the intention and for the purpose, from the beginning, to address himself and his art to counterfeiting. Prompted by the stimulus of this evil purpose, he succeeded in making himself perfect master of an art, with which he might have honestly enriched himself. Having prostituted himself and his skill to purposes of crime, he must now suffer the felon's doom.

The cunning politicians of Brooklyn have adopted a new dodge for detecting false registration of voters. They address postal cards to all doubtful names, to be delivered by city carriers, who return the card if the person addressed can not be found. Of fifty-five letters so mailed to the addresses taken from the registry list of one ward, twenty-nine were returned, with the endorsement that no such persons could be found. If not found by a letter carrier, its no use to look for them, only at the polls.

A New York "first-class newspaper" calls Judge Taft "John Taft, of Ohio, a stump-speaker." Such is fame! To be killed in battle, and have your name misspelled in the Gazette.

It is estimated that the box crop of this year will call for a distribution of not less than \$150,000,000 among the farmers of the West. Good.

Issued from the United States Patent Office to citizens of Cincinnati for the week ending October 29, 1875. Furnished for the STAR from the office of J. McC. Perkins & Co., counselors-at-law in patent cases and solicitors for patents. Attend to all business before the Patent Office and other Departments of the Government. 613 Seventh street, Washington, D. C. Drawings and specifications of patents, 25 cents.

6,033. Sash-locks. Geo. McGregor and Geo. Voll, makers, by mesne assignments, to the Hopkins & Dickinson Manufacturing Company, New York City. Patent No. 83,318, dated May 20, 1875; Pississ No. 5,235, dated January 21, 1875. [Filed August 10, 1875.]

A vibrating lever provided with a bolt in combination with a strike-plate or hook and with a catch-segment, behind which the bolt can pass, formed upon the plate upon which the lever is pivoted, the whole constituting a safe fastener, and the parts enumerated in the claim being and operating substantially as specified.

163,612. Hog-lifters. Nathaniel Caldwell. Filed April 21, 1875.

163,768. Running-gears for vehicles. Chas. H. Muro. Filed August 18, 1875.

163,780. Gasoline-burners. J. G. Biley. Filed August 28, 1875.

163,681. Circus-seats. Geo. T. Fisher. Filed September 11, 1875.

163,593. Trunk-latchings. Robt. Hill. Filed September 27, 1875.

163,611. Lard-rendering tanks. Nathaniel Caldwell. Filed May 31, 1875. Brief.

On the outer bolt are placed two gear-wheels. The skimmer-blades are fastened to the gear-wheels by means of sleeves, the whole being held in place by set-screws, and operated by means of the turning-crank and wheel.

163,611. Lard-rendering tanks. Nathaniel Caldwell. Filed April 21, 1875.

Amusements.

WOOD'S THEATRE.—Mr. Raymond was in his happiest vein last night, and the generous big hearted builder of spectacles, "Colonel Mulberry Sellers," never showed to better advantage. There is nothing new to be said of this famous character now, it is perfection and that embraces everything. Miss Cummings, Mr. Soggs and Mr. Craven were as usual good, which though not a very extravagant expression, is very significant when taken in its proper sense. Mr. Raymond appears at the matinee and at this evening's performance, which ends his engagement in this city. Daily's Fifth Avenue Troupe at this house next week.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—Divorce was given at this house again last evening, with Miss Fanny Davenport as the heroine, "Fanny Ten Eyck." The play, considering the hurry in which it was put upon the stage, ran very smoothly indeed. Miss Davenport was, of course, excellent, as was the generally of the cast. Miss De Forrest as "Lu Ten Eyck" was especially well received. Divorce again to-night and at the matinee to-day.

Next week John McCullough.

THE NATIONAL.—This house was crowded as usual last evening, the great attraction being Mr. O. T. Nichols as "Jem Sharkey, the Detective." The performance, taken all in all, was very good. Matinee to-day at 2 o'clock.

In reply to the long standing question, who will produce a portent American comedy? Mr. Stuart Robson, the comedian, writes to the New York Herald to say that Mr. Bret Harte has completed a play which meets every requirement, and will be ready to stage it. This play, praise, and its only drawback is that the play was written by Mr. Bret Harte.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Baptists of Rockport, Ind., dedicated a new church last Sunday.

The Biennial Conference of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, is now in session at Pittsburg.

The angel of the church in Kittery, Me., is Miss C. E. Angell, who becomes pastor of the Universalist church.

Of the entire population of London, it is estimated that over one-fourth, or one million of people never attend church.

The American Bible Society has received for its library a copy of the Gospel of Luke in Japanese, printed at Yokohama.

At a late meeting of the Presbytery of Steubenville, Rev. James A. Cook was ordained and installed pastor of the Ridge Church, Ohio.

With 29,000 scholars in regular attendance in the public schools of Baltimore, more than 42,000 scholars attend the Sabbath-schools of that city.

The number of Presbyterian Churches upon the Pacific Coast has increased during the year from 105 to 119, and of ministers from 115 to 125.

Rev. John C. Smith has just celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of his pastoral charge of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Washington City.

A Deaconess' Home has been dedicated in Boston, its object being to train women for Christian work. The cost is seventy-five hundred dollars.

Rev. A. S. Gardner, of Reading, Mass., has accepted a call to the First Congregational church of Essex, Conn., and has already entered upon his duties.

The Standing Committee of Pennsylvania has consented to the consecration of Dr. Eccleston as Bishop of Iowa, and Dr. Brown as Bishop of Fond du Lac.

The standing committee of the diocese of Albany has given consent to the consecration of Dr. McLaren as Bishop of Illinois. Ohio consents to Dr. McLaren's consecration.

Abel Menard has left \$100,000 to Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey, with which to establish a professorship in the purpose of giving women a theological education.

The Chinese Christian has finally been admitted to holy orders in the Che-King mission of the English Church in China. This is the first instance of the ordination of a native.

Rev. Joseph Cameron, pastor of the only open communion Baptist Church in New York City, has left the Free Will and joined the regular Baptist organization. He accepts a call to Canada.

The First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis extended a hearty and unanimous call to Dr. J. H. Myers, of St. Louis, at a salary of \$5,000. They have strong hopes that he will accept.

The number of Baptist Communicants in Nova Scotia, as reported to the recent annual convention, is 20,405; in New Brunswick, 11,375; in Prince Edward Island, 1,073—making a total of 32,853.

Rev. N. G. Cheney, of the New York East Conference, and for the last two and a half years the pastor of Old John Church in New York, has been appointed missionary to India, and stationed in Nyasse Tal.

A new thing has happened in Boston—"Boston Notion"—a series of sermons from some of the most distinguished ministers in the country, North and South, to be delivered in Music Hall, to aid the Methodist Boston City Mission.

Thirty Sisters of Charity, from Westphalia, who have been compelled to leave Germany by the operation of the recent colonial laws, have arrived at Iowa City. They have been quartered in an unoccupied church on the outskirts of the city.

The Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Pittsburg has expressed itself very strongly upon the publication of Sunday newspapers. It denounces the selling and buying of such papers as an interference with the sacredness of the Sabbath, and calls upon Christians to discontinue their circulation.

The Young Men's Christian Association have placed a large canvas tent in the Court-house yard, Indianapolis, and are holding a series of highly interesting meetings, both night and day. Indications of a general revival of religion are truly encouraging.

Thirteen young men, students of the German Theological School, were recommended by the Faculty of the University of Newark, as candidates for the ministry, on the 6th inst. Rev. Joseph F. Jenkinson was dismissed to the Presbytery of Philadelphia North.

The eighteenth anniversary of the Fulton street prayer meeting, New York, was celebrated on Thursday, September 24th, at the Middle Dutch Church in Lafayette Place. The occasion was one of interest and was participated in by fully fifteen hundred persons.

The sixtieth annual report of the Pennsylvania Bible Society states that during the past year it has circulated 71,756 volumes, the value of which was \$32,338. Of these volumes 27,741 were Bibles and 21,738 Testaments. The remainder were Bibles and Psalms and other portions of the Scriptures.

During the last session of the Synodical Convention at York, Pa., Ohio, Bishop Scott, who presided, was presented with a beautiful tea set valued at \$150, on the occasion of his seventy-third birthday, by the ministers of the Erie Conference, their wives, the lay delegates and their wives, and the citizens of the town.

The Methodists of St. Louis have consented that the General Conference of 1876 shall be held in that city, instead of St. Louis, where the last Conference agreed to meet. This is owing to the financial depression by the grasshopper plague and the failure of crops, which have sorely tried the Western people. There was a very general call throughout the Church for the change.

The managers of the Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York City have commenced the erection of a large building on the Boland farm, near Peekskill, owned by them, in which they propose to put several hundred boys to work making boots, shoes, doing tailoring, printing and other light work. The structure will be made of brick, four stories high, and will be 100 feet long and 40 feet wide.

Rev. James E. Gilbert, pastor of Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Lexington, Ky., informs the Western Advocate that the labors of the first six months in his charge have resulted in adding forty-one persons to the church, twenty of whom are by probation. No extra means have been employed; the regular services have been rendered efficient. After striking off unknown and unworthy persons, the roll shows an aggregate of two hundred and thirty-nine.

The following is a summary of the statistics of the new Diocese of Western Michigan: Clergy (Bishop, 1; presbytery, 29; deacons, 11); parishes, 33; church edifices, 29; families, 1,440; adults and children, 4,820; Baptisms (adults, 50; infants, 289); 979; confirmed in 23 parishes and 5 missions, 231; communicants, present number, 2,881; contributions, 20,104 (including episcopal fund of \$38,054.76, subscribed in 23 parishes and one mission); 190,435 65.

A Dream that was not all a Dream

On the more remote banks of a little stream which flows into the Danube at a point about twenty miles from Vienna, lived, near thirty years ago, one Kaspar Graetz. Here he cultivated the few acres on which his forefathers had toiled, and reared his sturdy progeny, wholly unconcerned by the events of the great world around him. Of cities he knew nothing, for his longest journey from home was limited to the neighboring village markets, where he disposed of the produce of his labor. A more unimaginative life than this can hardly be conceived; and that Kaspar, of all men, should, through the instrumentality of a dream, have been the means of developing in the brains of a foul double murder, and of bringing the perpetrators to justice, may well excite our curiosity.

The snows of some sixty winters had begun to leave their hoary traces on his head, when Graetz, now reaping the moderate reward of his life-long industry, had many a council with his faithful Franza, determined to transfer his heaviest cares to younger hands, and seek comparative rest for his and her declining years. The necessary arrangements for this purpose were soon completed, and the good couple were contented in the hope which already inspired them by their earlier inspiration.

It was in the summer succeeding this change that Kaspar was one night disturbed by a dream which overcame him with all the vivid force of reality itself. "I was," said he, as he related the story of his vision to his wife, "in the outskirts of what must have been a very great city; streets and houses seemed innumerable; nay, all the villages in our district, if thrown together, would not have made so many streets and houses. And, farther on, I saw huge, embattled walls, strongly fortified against an enemy, he, as he rose up, towers and spires, and other lofty buildings, the like of which we have never seen, save in the pictures which the showmen bring to our door, and which we look at through a perspective glass. And, as I stood gazing at all these great things, I became hungry—so hungry, now that I am awake, I should wonder how another should know when I am hungry; I did not wonder in my dream, when a man with a kindly look led me into the guest-house on the other side of the street in which I stood, and gave me cheese and bread and good wine. I was not natural that he should have done so. And I fear I was not sufficiently grateful to him for his liberality, for I do not remember thanking him as I ought, and would if he were to do me so great a kindness again. But, when I had sated my appetite, I looked through the window at the street, and there I saw a deed which made my very blood curdle. This house adjoined another on one side, and was separated from the house on the other side of a narrow gateway, and the gate was closed. The windows of the small house were also closed, and, although the blinds covered them, I saw into the interior as plainly as if the whole front had been entirely removed. In this house were three apartments—only a bed-room and parlor in front, and a kitchen as long as both these rooms, in the rear. Behind the house was a garden, entered both from the gateway and the other door of the house, and in the garden was a well, the mouth of which was surrounded by a low wall of masonry. By and by I saw a man and his wife, both well advanced in years, rise from the bed in their room—for it seemed to me that day was about to break—and repair together to the part of the wall which I could see was broken; and from the opening they drew forth a bag full of golden coins, every one of which they carefully counted, and then put back again—covering this place with a cloth of drawers, containing their clothing, which they had removed to get at the hiding-places of the money. All this was simple enough so far, and gave me no uneasiness. I did not, somehow, stay to consider that looking through brick and plaster walls, and windows with heavy blinds over them, was anything out of the ordinary course of things; and would have passed it as something else, if my attention had not been arrested by the sudden appearance of a man whose countenance was the most forbidding I ever laid eyes on. I should know that I see a thousand years hence, if I might like so long. I now seemed to me that he had watched the movements of the old man and his wife before I had observed him; and that the sight of the gold had maddened him. His face wore the expression of a fiend of hell, and while I seemed to know his intent, I had no power to speak, or even to give warning of his doomed victims by the intercession of any soul whatever. Even motion was taken from me, and I could give no sort of aid to the unconscious pair of the dream fate which I now knew awaited them. How the ruffian entered the house I can not tell. He seemed to be there just as naturally as I was, and he was not a stranger to the door or the windows were, in vision, still secure. I do not understand this, but so it was. At last, the evil-faced man drew his knife, and whetting it, noiselessly upon the fleshy part of his left hand, rushed into the bed-room, and struck a furious blow with his weapon on the wife, who was nearest the door. The sound, though ghastly enough, was not at the moment mortal; for the shrieks of the poor woman, in her endeavor to alarm her husband and call him to her side, still ring in my ear. The old man's fate was at once decided; for, though he made a bold front against the villain, he was so soon overpowered that he fell, and, after a bound like that of a lusty youth, he fell lifeless upon the floor. The cries of the woman, now becoming weaker from loss of blood, were then quickly stopped; for the demon, as he seemed to be, plunged his knife, with bitter curses, again and again into the victim's body. I could not utter a single word, nor move. As soon as he was made sure that both his victims were dead, the monster pushed aside the chest of drawers, drew forth and counted the money, just as the old couple had done so shortly before, grinned horribly, and replaced everything. It seemed to me but a moment more, and the bodies were taken to the well-side in the garden, and both thrown into the water; the stones from the little wall around the well thrown in too, and a mound of earth, in which shrubs and flowers had taken root, and were flourishing as if they had always been there, had risen above them all."

Such, in substance, was the recital which Kaspar Graetz made to his wife of the dream which had so greatly disturbed him. It was "indeed a wonderful dream," thought the good woman; but how her husband could have kept himself so long under the influence of a scolding scene, while "she would have made things ring again," was in her estimation, more wonderful still.

But the nine days usually allotted for the lifetime of admiration soon passed away, and Kaspar and his household have well-nigh forgotten the dream, and are engaged in their peaceful life of their thoughts and of their simple talk. Besides, Fritz, the eldest son, has begun to speak of matrimony; for, how, please he, can he properly manage the farm

without a wife? To be sure, he does not yet know—not he—where he will go to find one; and then it is suddenly remembered of all that, for months past, he has been making visits to Katerina, his old schoolmate, lives there—oh no—but because her father would bargain for wool to be delivered at the next shearing; and everyone knows there was no better a weaver than Albrecht Stein to be found anywhere. Ah! young Fritz! of no use that to you that beat about the bush. In due course a wedding comes off, and Fritz is married to Katerina hard and fast as Mother-Church can tie them; and every one is happy with them at this Christmas-time—for so fair and loving a young pair goes to see. And they will manage the farm notably between them, never fear. The winter soon becomes of the past, and the circling year rushes in that sweet season

"When wheat is grain, when hawthorn buds appear;" and Kaspar, at the solicitation of his friend Stein, who has new and urgent business there, contemplates his first journey to the capital. So much leave is at length taken of the dear ones at home—for this is a great journey they are about to undertake—and who knows what perils may beset the travelers? Settling forth at early dawn, they approach the city while the sun is yet high in heaven—for the long days are now upon them, and as they enter a suburb, Graetz is surprised to find himself among objects which he feels are not entirely new. This or that house, or street, or garden plot he has seen before, and yet he has never been in Vienna! Astonishment for awhile banishes sleep; but, as the scene grows more and more familiar, to Kaspar's memory, and Stein listens to the repetition of a narrative which is, this time, uttered with all the earnestness of settled conviction.

The past has been reached and recognized. Thither the two friends, and who is called for. While the attendant places the liquor, Kaspar's eyes wander in search of the good host, whom he at last sees engaged in a distant part of the room, and almost wonders that he does not come forward to greet him as an old acquaintance. An opportunity to talk with him is soon had; and, on nearer approach, the same kindly look confirms his identity.

With some difficulty the two friends keep their counsel, while, in assumed indifference, inquiry is made touching the occupants of the house across the way, which, gateway and all, presented itself exactly as Graetz had seen it in dream. The landlord readily gives all the information he can. "The present occupant," he says—and here let him sum up his answers to the whole catechism to which he was subjected—"the present occupant is a man of such unusual habits, and of so torrid a mind, that no one in our neighborhood knows or wishes to know anything of him. He came to live there nearly a year ago, having bought out, of course, the good old couple who owned and occupied the house for many years, and who went away without taking leave of any of their old friends at the latter fact much hurt, for Hans Schwartz and his wife were very generally esteemed; and this is all I know about it."

After a genial leave-taking with the host, and a short conference with each other on the street, Graetz and his companion betake themselves to the residence of the Police, and the former at once begins the details of his story, in the presence of a few subordinates, whom they find in the outer apartment. But, notwithstanding the enthusiasm into which the partial confirmation of his vision had wrought his friends, his vision had wrought little else than pines, and jeers, and laughter unstrained. A superior officer, however, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment, the door of which was ajar, heard enough of the statement to excite his interest. To him the friends were at once called in, and Kaspar's story was told in full.

To the very moment that he bade him tell it.

A strong party was at once placed under Graetz's direction, and ordered to repair with him to the house in question.

Arrived there, the front door was at once applied to, but no answer returned to their summons. A guard was then detailed for the front, while the remainder of the party, led by Graetz, entered the gateway and proceeded to the rear.

The little garden, with its mound of shrubs and flowers, was there exactly as it had been pictured in the vision of the dreamer. A summons at the rear door was yet unanswered, when Graetz, now excited beyond control, thrust his staff through the nearest window, and cried, "Come forth! come forth! the house is surrounded by a cordon of armed men, and escape is impossible!" Then the door was seen to open slowly, and a voice from within was heard, asserting innocence and defying the law. Kaspar sprang to the door with the agility of a boy, and at the first glance at the murderer—or is he indeed? The maniacal wretch was then brought to the garden, where, under the direction of Graetz, the mound was being displaced, and the stones discovered with which the wall had been filled; and not until the bodies themselves were exposed, did the prisoner abate his protestations against the wrong the minions of the law had done him, and his threat of vengeance therefor. The sight of his victims at once unnerved him, and he yielded himself, in abject confession, to his captors.

How Frank was tried, convicted, and suffered the dread penalty of his horrible offense, let the records of the Criminal Court of Vienna suffice to tell; and though we shudder at such an exhibition of human atrocity, let us reflect in wonder and awe upon the mysterious agency by which it was brought to retributive justice.—Chicago Tribune.

PROPOSALS.

SEALED Proposals will be received until MONDAY, November 1st, 1875, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) Ties to be delivered at grade on the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, at Ludlow, Kentucky.

Also, for Cross-ties in quantities to suit the bidder, delivered along the line of the said Cincinnati Southern Railway, between Ludlow and South Danville, Kentucky. Bidders will state the number of Ties they propose to furnish, and the point of delivery. Printed forms must be used, and directed to the Board of Trustees of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, Cincinnati, O.

Sealed proposals can be had at the office of Thomas D. Lovett, C. E., No. 70 West Third street, Cincinnati, O.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board.

MILES GREENWOOD, President.

THOS. D. LOVETT, Consulting Engineer.

C. D. H.

Cincinnati Type Foundry Co.

C. WELLS, Treasurer.

The type for this paper comes from this foundry.

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By order of the Board.

MILES GREENWOOD, President.

THOS. D. LOVETT, Consulting Engineer.

C. D. H.

Cincinnati Type Foundry Co.

C. WELLS, Treasurer.

The type for this paper comes from this foundry.

SEALED Proposals will be received until MONDAY, November 1st, 1875, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) Ties to be delivered at grade on the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, at Ludlow, Kentucky.

Also, for Cross-ties in quantities to suit the bidder, delivered along the line of the said Cincinnati Southern Railway, between Ludlow and South Danville, Kentucky. Bidders will state the number of Ties they propose to